

Stalingrad-2554

by Giant the Younger

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Summary: Catherine Halsey is still on Reach, and she needs help getting off. Sending a distress call to anyone within range to come and help her. That was four years ago. Her call was finally intercepted; by a band of rogue Covenant. Then the Stalingrad intercepts it. Who will get to the creator of the Spartan programs first?

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**\*\*A/N:** This is my first fic, and I hope y'all like it. I would like all the reviews I can get, mostly sso I can get better at writing. Please be as brutally honest as you can. Also, I might make this fic into a series, but that depends on how this story goes. Another thing, I would like to make a shout out to firesword2, who helped me make this account. On with the show!\*\*

Chapter One

~UNSC Stalingrad, Alpha-Centauri, 2554~

Leonidas Grant stood in cover behind a large steel crate as plasma fire ripped through the air. He put two fingers to the radio transmitter on the left side of his Warrior style helmet. "Hey Melighah, you still with me?" he called as he leaned out with his Magnum pistol and fired a few shots at the Brutes and Hunters that were advancing on his position. When he got no response he cursed under his breath. "C'mon, Sammy, answer me!" he ordered, getting back in cover. Still no response. "Damn it..." he muttered as he closed hte channel and pulled out his Assault Rifle. He forsaked his cover, walking straight toward the Brutes and Hunters. "Come on!" he yelled as he started running toward the enemy. He burst into an all-out sprint as the Brutes charged him. He started angling toward the Chieftan leading the charge and holstered his gun, pulling out his tactical Indian kukri knife.

The Chieftan roared, leaping into the air with his gravity hammer raised over his head. Grant kept running, knowing that if he stopped, he was screwed. So he kept running. The Chieftan landed heavily behind him, smashing his hammer into the cold steel floor of the cargo bay while Grant then jumped, driving both of his feet into the face of an unsuspecting Brute, crushing the ugly alien's face into disrepair. He turned, driving his knife into the gut of the next Brute, who tried to avenge his comrade's death. The alien roared in pain, but didn't fall; instead, he punched Grant in the face. Grant stumbled back, letting go of his knife. He quickly recovered however. Grant grabbed the body of the first Brute and threw it with all of his Spartan might at the other Brutes, hitting the one he had stabbed directly in the gut; driving his knife all of the way through the alien's gut.

Grinning at his handiwork, Grant turned to face the Chieftan, who was charging him a second time. The SPARTAN-IV waited until the last possible second before side stepping and driving his knee into the Chieftan's stomach, causing the angry alien to drop his hammer. Grant quickly grabbed the physics impulsive weapon and smashed the head onto the Chieftan's back, crushing the alien's spine to dust. Grant heard several angry roars behind him and turned, hefting the gravity hammer onto his shoulder. Three Brutes, two of them Majors, charged him, firing their spikers as they did. Grant twirled the hammer, waiting. As the first neared, he drove the top of the head into the Brute's gut, stopping him immediately. The second expected the same treatment, so he sidestepped. Grant quickly turned to the second, driving the blade on the back of the hammer's head into the Brute's chest and lifted, using the alien's momentum to throw him into the third and final Brute. Both went flying toward a Hunter, who swatted both away; killing them instantly.

"Come and get me!" Grant yelled, twirling the hammer again. Four Hunters aimed their arm cannons at him and charged their weapons. Grant grinned as he twirled the hammer faster, waiting for the Hunters to fire. "What are you waiting for, Worm Freaks?!" he taunted, his gravelly voice a roar. "FIRE!" All four Hunters fired simultaneously, four huge balls of green plasma soaring toward the SPARTAN-IV. Grant leaped into the air, his gravity hammer raised over his head. He landed heavily, cracking the steel floor as he brought the hammer down with all of his strength; right as the Hunter rounds were about to hit him. Grant was sent flying back, hitting the crate he was behind just minutes before, while the four beams hit their respective shooters, killing them instantly. Grant landed on the ground in a heap, his armor locked automatically from the shockwave he created. As alarms blared and fires erupted in the cargo bay, Grant was pulled into the black abyss of unconsciousness.

~Hours later~

Grant groaned as he slowly awoke. He looked around, noticing he was propped up against a steel container. A gravity hammer was on the ground beside him, while several about five Brute corpses were strewn about the large chamber. Then he remembered the battle he had been in. He looked a ways away, seeing four Hunter corpses thrown against the far wall. He grinned as he started laughing. Another Spartan noticed him and waded over, helping him to his feet.

"What are you laughing at, Grant?" asked the Spartan, looking at him curiously. Grant's laughter died down to a chuckle as he slipped off

his helmet. Grant cleared his throat as he calmed down his laughter.

"It fucking worked..." he said as he grinned. "Sam, it freaking worked!" he started laughing again, doubling over. "I can't believe it worked!" He then calmed down a bit when an older man walekd over, a stern look on his face. "Captin Kadrovski, Sir." He saluted, as did Cmdr. Sam Melighah beside him.

"I believe I speak for both myself and Cmdr Melighah when I ask this, Sergeant," the Russian captain said as he clasped his hands behind his back. "WHAT worked?" Grant then quickly explained how, after the Hunters and Brutes had killed the Marines that had been in the cargo bay when they attacked, he had killed them all. Kadrovski and Sam listened without comment until Grant had finished. "Hm..." Kadrovski said after Grant had finished. "Nice work. I want both of you to report to the bridge ASAP. Command just sent me a message of an assignment they've selected for you two specifically. Understand?"

"Yes sir!" both Spartans answered as teh captain walked away.

~Half an hour later~

Samantha Melighah stood beside Captain Yuri Kadrovski, waiting for Grant to get there. "Why does he always have to be late..." Sam muttered as she looked at the door to the elevators. "That bastard better have a good reason. Or else I'm going to rip his balls off and feed them to my dad's hounds..." Kadrovski chuckled at the comment.

"You two have been under my command for two years, and I still don't know how you two get along when you're at each others throats," he said, glancing at the Spartan beside him. "We duke it out when the tempers are running at the peak." a gruff voice said behind them, causing both to turn. They saw Grant walking toward them with a Hunter shield welded to his left arm.

"What the hell is that on your arm?" Sam asked, trying not to laugh at her fellow Spartan's creativity. "Did you take that from one of the Hunters in the cargo bay?" She was impressed that he had actually succeeded in what he had been talking about for years.

"He wasn't going to use it anytime soon, so I took it." Grant grinned under his helmet as he stood on the other side of Kadrovski. "Anyway, what's the assignment?" Sam motioned for him to follow her, since Kadrovski had already briefed her.

"We're going to Reach. There's a base there that's still operational, and Command thinks that Dr. Catherine Halsey is still there." Sam said as they walked into the elevator. "They want me and you to get down there and extract her and a Spartan-III."

"Sounds simple enough..." Grunt muttered as he checked the connections for the shield on his left arm. "Gives me a chance to test out ym knew toy..." he grinned as Sam chuckled. "What's our ETA?"

"A few hours. We're about half-way there." Grant walked out of the elevator first and went to the armory to grab his gravity hammer and

Assault Rifle. Sam followed him. "You kept that hammer?" she asked, surprised. Grant nodded as he checked the charge on its battery. Grinning, he turned toward his old friend.

"Wanna spar?" he asked with a mischievous grin.

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file.